

few days ago: "I feel that there is a decrease of manhood among us." Then he added: "It is unwise to have the attention of our people always called to ravishings and lynchings." And, I may add, it is unwise to have "our brother in black" constantly reminded of the fact that he is a pitiable creature. His safety, his destiny depends absolutely on his relation to the whites; what this relation shall be depends upon his character, and, I say it slowly, upon his recognition of the facts of his environment.

Here is a fact that I would emphasize: Negroes are not lynched because of the color of their skin; they are lynched in nearly every case because they have, by that law, outlawed themselves. White men who thus outlaw themselves are treated just as Negroes are. Dr. Ryder was lynched a few days ago, because of "the law's delay."

At best it's terrible; the condition of affairs makes my heart sink within me. I cannot foresee whereto this thing will grow. I can see no hope of relief so long as crimes against women and children are committed. So long as this crime is committed by black men against white victims, antagonism against the Negro must develop; and then, too, the mob spirit must grow by that on which it feeds—alas! And now, one word more; let some of that ink that is spilled in Northern papers against lynchers in the South, be spilled in reprobation of the unspeakable crime, which, whatever may be said to the contrary, keeps alive and causes to increase that spirit of revenge which all good men North and South most sincerely deprecate.

GRIFFIN, GA.

Discerning the Spirit.

BY E. H. JOHNSON, D.D.,

PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY IN CROZER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

If the absorbing interest which many devout people feel in the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, extended to the scholars who are studying Christ, there would be an end to the risk of a merely philosophical outcome of this study. But the critics of Christ care little for the Holy Spirit; and thus far, however imposing the view which they have reached that Christ is key to the problem of the universe, or at least within our earthly sphere the lord of history, their view is of distinctively intellectual value, and just as likely as older speculations to fall short of spiritual good. And yet we have it on the authority of Paul, of John, and of Christ himself, that the learned critics are led by the Spirit of God. They are exalting Christ, and Paul tells the Corinthians that none can do this without the Spirit of God; they acknowledge an incarnation, or are close to doing it, and John says it is the Spirit which testifies that Christ has come in the flesh; they are taking of the things of Christ and showing them unto us, and this is what Christ promised that the Spirit of truth should do. Whatever the force with which our Lord vindicates his claims in the judgment of sheer rationality, he is deaf indeed to the voice of the Holy Spirit who does not hear him in the ever rising tribute to our Lord on the part of rationality itself.

But to those who have always unreservedly accepted Christ, and who delight in being led by the Spirit of God, the question is often a serious one, How can I know what the Holy Spirit would have me think or do? The orthodox Friends, who have made a specialty of this matter, propose a rule which, so far as it goes, could not be bettered: If the Inner Light leads to ideas which the written Word forbids, it is a misleading light. "To the law and to the testimony." Even when the question is what the Spirit means in a given passage, we may, perhaps, be able to explain the obscure passage by the many which are plain.

But what if our problem is one to which the Bible affords no answer? The Bible does not tell a man, either explicitly or by fair inference, whether just *he* ought to go into the Christian ministry, or to speak in a particular meeting, or whether it is just now opportune to press the Gospel upon a worldly friend, or what course to take in some family tangle or at a pinch in one's business. If the Comforter is to be as close a friend as Christ in the flesh would be, and even more useful, how is the mind of the Spirit to be made clear in cases like these?

Many decide, and say they decide, in a way which I never heard one of them squarely state as a rule for deciding. Probably every reader has been guilty of this singular inconsistency. "I felt so strongly impressed that this was my duty," is all that can be said for doing thus and so. Because there was no other reason for doing this thing, one thought, the impulse

to do it must be from God. Now the only justification of so deciding would be that strong "impressions" must always be referred to the Holy Spirit. But who has ever ventured to say it? Religious newspapers—a grave and sober-minded one which came last week, had a story or two of the good some people were led to do by eccentric impressions. The editor let in the stories, but he would be almost the last of editors to say that all unaccountable impressions could be ascribed to the Holy Spirit. One is even tempted to suspect that telepathy is at the bottom of some impressions which turn out well; and it would seem that a spirit of idiocy is at the bottom of some as strong impressions which turn out ill. Certainly the Bible never by one word that it ever said hints at such a rule for discerning the Spirit; and experience declares it a very dangerous rule. Constitutionally some men are opposed without reason to innovation, and others as unreasonably in favor of it. Stolidity and levity alike assume the voice of conscience; it would be profane to call it the voice of the Holy Ghost.

How then can we know the mind of the Spirit? It is a matter of *knowing*. And how can we always infallibly know his mind even where the Bible has in so many words declared it? Certainly, not even the Pope claims that all doctrines of the Bible have been infallibly read off in the technical speech of to-day. A small Protestant sect in England, to be sure, claims that every spiritual man is led infallibly to correct interpretations; and the infallible disagreements of these brethren infallibly confute their claims to infallibility. We ought not to look for any rule which can keep us free from mistakes in study of the Bible, or of the Spirit's instruction to us severally. But it would be shocking to suppose that we cannot know his mind at all.

An unfair illustration will help us. If a perplexed believer could resort for counsel to either of two spiritual men, in one of whom the spirit of wisdom prevailed while the other was as remarkable for right feeling, he would go to the wise man. Well, then, what is the Spirit's teaching to any one of us, except that which is essentially sensible and wise? In all problems of conduct is not sheer insight just what is wanted? But the illustration is unfair. No wise man has a cold heart; no sound-hearted man has a silly mind. The selfish cannot correctly determine their duty to others. Possibly the greater part of that duty is left undone because we are too selfish even to know what we ought to do. At all events it is a problem to puzzle the wisdom of the holiest. And how can a distrustful soul feel sure that he ought to take hazards for God? Enterprise always means risk. That is why only the few can be enterprising. It is plain that there is no hope of knowing what the Holy Spirit would have us do, unless we are all around and through and through obedient to Christ. This is disappointing.

But this is our Lord's own way of summing up the case. If any is willing to do the will of God, he shall know whether our Lord's own teaching is from God. It has actually so turned out. Christ is recognized as from God. The Church is obedient enough to do that. It is the man who has the commands of Christ and keeps them to whom he manifests himself. It is his true disciples in whom the Spirit abides, and who know him as the world cannot.

Of course such a conclusion is disappointing. We would be glad to know, and the condition is that we be good. Yet the correctness of the conclusion is so obvious that it gets itself overdone in the sight of us all. Whoever thought himself sinless without claiming deference to his opinions, too? And because they can't claim impeccability for their popes, it is hard for Roman Catholics to make us believe them all infallible. Maybe we ought to be convinced, but thus far we are not; and it was hard for some of themselves.

Of course, too, the eager and zealous would rather distinguish the voice of the Holy Spirit from the voice of their own souls, as tho he stood outside them. But it is certain that we are never conscious of two persons in our breast. We ourselves do all the thinking, feeling and willing that are consciously done there. And surely what we need is not that *he* should know, and trust, and love, and obey, but that he should help *us* to do all this. That is, that he should work in us the willing and the doing of God's good pleasure. When he does, he has done for us all that he can, and all that we need. The good alone may hope to be the wise.

The conclusions reached by this inquiry are, the Holy Spirit would not have us think or act contrary

to the Word of God; we cannot safely ascribe to him a mere impression, however strong; his purpose for us must be recognizably wise; and wisdom in spiritual things belongs only to the pure and good, especially to those who have the insight of faith in God and love for men.

CHESTER, PENN.

Reminiscences of Lincoln

TOLD BY THE LATE EX-GOVERNOR CURTIN,
OF PENNSYLVANIA.

I.

BY WILLIAM A. MOWRY, PH.D.

ANDREW G. CURTIN was the great War Governor of Pennsylvania. Surely "there were giants in those days." It would seem that the times were ripe for the War and its safe conduct to a satisfactory conclusion. Not only was that unique character, Abraham Lincoln, prepared by nature and a remarkable experience to carry this great nation through a bloody baptism to a lasting peace, a greater prosperity than has fallen to the lot of any nation hitherto, and to a "perpetual union," with unity of interests and of counsel, but generals for the army and War Governors in the States were raised up adequate for the occasion.

The record of the States in arousing the enthusiasm of the people, promoting enlistments and providing supplies, is in many instances exceedingly honorable and particularly interesting, not to say marvelous. What brilliant efforts were those of Governors Andrew of Massachusetts, Sprague and Smith of Rhode Island, Buckingham of Connecticut, John Brough of Ohio, Richard Yates of Illinois, Morton of Indiana; but why particularize? Nearly all of the Governors of the loyal States during that sanguinary struggle were remarkable men, and exhibited unusual loyalty, zeal, energy and ability in prosecuting the War.

But I question whether any of them exhibited more enterprise, heroism, or a greater ability, than that stanch patriot, Governor Curtin, of the Keystone State, whose recent death, in his eightieth year, has saddened so many hearts.

Andrew Gregg Curtin was a native of Pennsylvania, whose father, Roland Curtin, an Irishman, had emigrated to this country before the close of the last century, and in 1807 had established, near Bellefonte, Center County, one of the first iron manufactories in that region. Andrew studied law in the law school of Dickinson College, and was admitted to the bar in 1839. He was an ardent Whig, and entered heartily into the political canvass for Harrison and Tyler in the campaign of 1840. He stumped the State for Henry Clay in 1844, and was Presidential elector in 1848, casting his vote for Zachary Taylor. In 1854 he was made Secretary of the Commonwealth* and Superintendent of the Public Schools. It was from the suggestion in his annual report of 1855 that the Legislature established, and soon put in operation, that gigantic and magnificent system of normal schools for the education of teachers, which has so distinguished that State and so materially elevated their school system. He was the Governor of Pennsylvania through the whole of the War, and was untiring in his efforts for the comfort of the soldiers. He planned and put into operation a complete system for the care and instruction of the children of the soldiers of that State who were slain in battle, making them the wards of the State. His health having failed in 1865, he declined a foreign mission which was offered him by the Government, and went to Cuba for his health. He was Minister to Russia from 1869 to 1872, and was prominently talked of for candidate for the Vice-Presidency both in 1868 and 1872. He served as a member of Congress for three terms, from 1881 to 1887.

It was during the latter year that I met him in Washington, and heard directly from his lips the anecdotes which it is the purpose of this article to relate. He had left the Republican Party and was identified with the Democrats in Congress. His health was somewhat broken, but his memory of the "war times" was clear and vigorous. He appeared to dwell with great interest upon the events of that critical period, especially upon his own connection with the War. It was in the National Bureau of Education that I met him. He was an intimate friend of Colonel Dawson, the then Commissioner of Education, and he was accustomed to spend considerable

* How few people can tell how many States use officially this term "Commonwealth"? There are only four, viz., Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Kentucky.

time in that office. As might be anticipated, he was a great admirer of President Lincoln. The first incident of the War that he told me was in regard to the feelings of the President after the battle of Fredericksburg.

We had been talking of the War, and the Governor broke out suddenly and said:

"It was just after the battle of Fredericksburg. I had been down there and came up to Washington by the night boat. I arrived at the foot of Seventh Street a little after midnight. Just as I landed a messenger met me saying that the President wanted to see me at once, at the White House. I took a carriage and went directly there. I sent in my card, and word came back that the President had retired but that he requested me to come up to his bedroom. I found him in bed, and as I entered the room he reached out his hand, shook hands and said:

"Well, Governor; so you have been down to the battle-field?"

"Battle-field? Slaughter-pen! It was a terrible slaughter, Mr. Lincoln." I was sorry in a moment, that I had said it, for he groaned, and began to wring his hands, and took on with terrible agony of spirit. He sat up on the edge of the bed, and moaned and groaned in anguish. He walked the floor of the room, and uttered exclamations of grief, one after another, and I remember his saying over and over again: 'What has God put me in this place for?' I tried to comfort him, and could hardly forgive myself for not being more careful and considerate of his feelings.

"By and by I got him into bed again, and after a long while succeeded in quieting him down, until at last he told a story, and then I thought it would do to leave him. This was the story he told:

"Governor, I'll tell you just how I feel. There was a farmer in Illinois who had a fine apple orchard; and there was one young tree that was bearing its first fruit, and he was anxious to know what sort of fruit it was. Well, he had two boys, little imps, up to all sorts of mischief; and, one day, they were in the orchard sampling this fruit for themselves. The man had, also, a wild boar, imported, and this boar was in the orchard. Seeing the boys he went for them. One of them saw him coming, and climbed up into an apple-tree; but the boar was too quick for the other shaver, and was after him as he dodged around one of the apple-trees. First the boar would snap at the boy's retreating legs, and then the boy, spurred on, would grab the boar's tail, and so help himself to keep out of the reach of the boar's head. By and by he sang out to his brother:

"Bill, Bill, come down here—come down!"

"What for?" says Bill.

"To help me let this boar go," says Jim.

"Now, Governor, I am in the position of Jim, and I wish somebody would help me let this boar go."

After relating each one of these incidents, the Governor would relapse into silence for a few moments and then break out with something new. He had finished this story and sat silently a short time, when all at once he gave a loud laugh and said:

"Here, I must tell you how near I came to losing my dignity and whipping an Irishman on the streets of Washington. I ran over to the White House one day, to see the President just for a few minutes, and in the waiting-room I observed a lady in tears. She was weeping profusely, and evidently it was a case of no ordinary trouble. I stepped up to her and inquired:

"Madam, can I do anything for you? Pray, what is the matter?"

"The lady then told me, in as connected a manner as she could under the circumstances, that she was a Pennsylvania woman, that she had received a telegram that her son in the army had been wounded, and that she had in great haste left her home in the interior of Pennsylvania to go to her son. She had reached him in season to close his eyes in death and had started for home with the body. She had got so far on her way when her money gave out, and she did not know which way to turn or what to do. In this dilemma she had, not knowing what else to do, called to lay her case before the President, hoping that possibly he could advise her what to do. But she had become thoroughly discouraged by coming time after time and finding no way to gain access to the President.

"Her story touched me," said the Governor, "and as the Executive of the State I felt it a privilege to come to her relief. I at once supplied her with needed funds and, stepping to the door, called a

hackman. I put the lady into the carriage and, paying the driver liberally, ordered him to take her to her hotel. They drove off, and I soon did my errand with the President and started down Pennsylvania Avenue. I had gone just past Willard's when I discovered a hack drawn up to the sidewalk, and that same driver was trying to get the woman to alight from the carriage. I at once stepped up and inquired what was the matter. At a glance I noticed that the hackman was intoxicated, and he told me she had ridden far enough.

"She won't get out, and, begorra, she sha'n't ride any further. I've carried her far enough."

"But, did I not pay you to take her to her hotel?"

"Well, never mind, she has rode far enough, and she must get out. Here, you, get out of my carriage!"

"Well," said the Governor, "I was just angry. I was mad enough to pitch into him and give him a sound thrashing, right there on the sidewalk; but I reflected that such conduct would hardly be consistent with the dignity of the Governor of a great State. Just then I noticed, coming up the street, a solitary Pennsylvania Bucktail with his gun over his shoulder. Stepping up to him, a little one side of the hackman, I told him who I was and described to him the situation. Then handing him a five dollar bill, I said:

"Now, you see I can't chastise him; but, here, you take this and give him a good licking."

"He took in the situation at a glance, and evidently enjoyed the thing, considering it as a huge joke. He immediately stepped up to the Irishman, and bringing down his musket to 'charge bayonets,' said:

"Halt, you drunken blackguard! Let that lady alone, and drive her to her hotel."

"You — son of a gun, don't give me any of your — Yankee slack! It is none of your business."

"Well, you'll find out I will make it my business, mighty quick;" and setting his gun down, he pitched into that Irishman with real, Pennsylvania pluck. But the hackman was just drunk enough to fight with fury, and for a time I feared he would prove too much for my soldier, and I should really be obliged to take a hand and help him. But he soon got the better of him, and throwing him with some force upon the sidewalk, he cuffed his head right and left till the Irishman began to beg and was willing to promise anything. All that time I stood by, and I assure you I enjoyed it mightily. I got five dollars' worth of fun out of it, and no mistake. Then the hackman, being thoroughly whipped, was willing to do anything he was told to do, and I ordered my Bucktail to put that fellow under arrest, mount the box with him, and not release him from arrest until he had delivered the lady safely at her hotel. The soldier gave me a military salute, and the driver gathered up his reins and drove off, while I continued on my way to the Capitol."

The old man laughed heartily as he told this story, and evidently enjoyed living over again the time when he whipped the drunken hackman by proxy.

After this story we talked of one thing and another concerning the "war times," and soon Lee's invasion of the North was mentioned. This brought to mind the Dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, and Mr. Lincoln's singularly beautiful address, delivered on that occasion, November 19th, 1863. Governor Curtin began by saying that there had been much discussion as to how and when that address was written, and he continued:

"I can tell you all about that. Of course I was there, and the President and his Cabinet had arrived and were at the hotel. Soon after his arrival, as we were sitting around in the parlor, Mr. Lincoln looked thoughtful for a moment or two, and then said: 'I believe, gentlemen, the committee are expecting me to say something here to-day. If you will excuse me I will go into this room here and prepare it.' After a time he returned, holding in his hand a large, yellow Government envelop, on which he had written his address.

"Here, gentlemen," he said, "I want to read this to you to see if it will do;" and sitting down he read it to us, and then said: 'Now for your criticisms. Will it do? What do you say?'

"Several spoke in favor of it, and one or two commended it in strong terms. 'Well,' says the President, 'haven't you any criticisms? What do you say, Seward?'

"Mr. Seward made one or two suggestions, bearing on some slight verbal changes, which I believe Mr. Lincoln incorporated.

"Now if you will allow me, gentlemen," continued

the President, 'I will copy this off;' and again withdrew and made a copy of the address."

"Ali," continued the Governor, "if I had had wit enough about me to have begged of him that yellow envelop, what a trophy it would have been. How much it would have been worth to some of the Ladies' Fairs which a little later began to be held to raise money for the hospitals and the soldiers. But I did not think of it then."

I suppose this ought to put at rest the question as to when and where this wonderful address was written. I have given the above account in almost the exact words of Governor Curtin.

HYDE PARK, MASS.

The "Young Turkey Party" in Paris.

BY KATHARINE DE FOREST.

To write anything nowadays on the Turkish question, or the Armenian question, or any phase of the Eastern question, reminds one of the phrase of the "Double" in the old story: "On this subject so much has been said, and on the whole so well said, that I will not further occupy the time."

But so long as the civilized world seems to take it out in words the only thing to do, it seems to me, is to keep on saying things until a little something is done. It is for this reason that I write about the "Young Turkey Party" and their leaders in Paris. These last are men whose point of view on the Eastern question is worth hearing, because they speak from the inside. Moreover, they are men who are at least giving their lives for their country. They all of them live in perpetual exile, which they might end at any moment by becoming sycophants of the Sultan. They are nearly all under sentence of death, which would be carried out instantly should they venture within the bounds of the Mohammedan Empire. And they have one and all given up riches, fame and prestige at home for comparative poverty abroad, but poverty with the privilege of speaking their own minds and owning their own souls.

Few people know exactly what the "Young Turkey Party" means, even tho much has been written about it, especially on the other side, from editorials in the London *Times* to very scientific articles in the *Nineteenth Century*, on its aims as a solution of the Eastern question. It is not a party made up exclusively of Turks. It is recruited from all the subjects of the Mohammedan Empire, irrespective of race or religion—Armenians as well as Moslems, Syrians and Jews as well as Maronites. The Armenian committees of Paris (so I was told by Prince Arslan, one of the leaders of "Young Turkey" in Paris) joined forces with the Turkish party about a year ago, when the publishing of correspondence between Russia and England showed the hopelessness of Armenia's dreams of becoming an autonomy like Bulgaria.

The principal organ of "Young Turkey" is a paper called *The Truth Unveiled*, published in Arabic with a French translation on the other side of the sheet, and sent under cover all over Turkey. As the party is made up of the more progressive subjects of the Sultan everywhere and of every race, it has its emissaries and correspondents in every spot over which Abdul Hamid rules, even in Yildiz Kiosk itself. Consequently it stands as fair a chance of getting true and unbiased reports of events and conditions as any source of information to which we have access. Nothing has ever interested me more than to hear from Prince Arslan what they thought about it all—about the Armenian massacres, the missionaries, about the Sultan himself.

But to understand Prince Arslan's views one must know a little of his history. He and Ganem Effendi, who are neither of them Turks, are at the head of the movement in Paris, and the editors of *The Truth Unveiled*. Ganem Effendi was banished from Turkey for interpellating the Government on the fate of Midhat Pasha. At that time Turkey had what Young Turkey loves to call a "parliament," with a constitutional Government, which the Sultan on his accession to the throne swore to respect. At the first attempt to enforce it Midhat was banished, and Ganem Effendi was banished for asking by what right they had banished Midhat.

Prince Arslan's story I have already published in *Harper's Weekly*; but it is interesting enough to let the leading points of it be repeated here. He belongs to the Druse family of Emirs, or Laban princes from Mt. Lebanon—the oldest family in the country, who are the governors and sub-governors of Beirut by right of heredity. The Ameer Arslan is a

these field guns and their carriages, making progress. Their new gun is now denominated the model of '91. They have secured elasticity of metal and increased tenacity, thus eliminating, as far as possible, dangers from breakage and bursting, which, of course, always had immediate deadly effects upon their own artillerymen, and could not help causing wide-spread apprehension and terror among them. And again, in their carriages and ammunition-wagons made for these guns, they have secured greater lightness, and are now in these respects considerably ahead of the French.

The smokeless powder will aid much both the French and the Germans in gaining for themselves a prospective morale over a foe not so well furnished—a foe having only other kinds of powder. It is interesting to observe the efforts made by German officers to have exploding shells give some plain signs of where they strike. I am reminded of our own efforts in the War to read the enemy's signal code. The German artillerymen, using the smokeless powder in their cannon, "put 300 balls into the shell, and in the interstices of these balls they introduce a powder whose composition is a secret"; that is to say, thus far secret. The French can analyze, and so can our chemical experts. That new explosive mixture is colored. The impact and explosion of these shells can now, from the flash, be easily detected by a field-glass at a distance of three miles. We shall soon be abreast of other armies in such things as these colored flashes, enabling the battery officers to measure length of range and discover far-off points of danger and obstacles to be overcome. No one can exaggerate the effect of a battery thus equipped, after the range shall be ascertained—its effect against infantry, cavalry or inferior artillery. Troops in open ground without cover, so withstood, must give way or be practically annihilated.

BURLINGTON, VT.

Reminiscences of Lincoln

TOLD BY THE LATE EX-GOVERNOR CURTIN,
OF PENNSYLVANIA.

II.

BY WILLIAM A. MOWRY, PH.D.

THE Governor then for a considerable time sat with his chair tilted back against the side of the room, his eyes closed, evidently in a deep study. I watched him, feeling assured that he was running over in his mind some other incident and that by patient waiting I should soon be rewarded with another War story. Nor was I obliged to wait long. Whatever the subject of his thoughts, he was evidently profoundly interested in thinking it through to himself before putting it into words for my benefit.

He had apparently gone over mentally the entire incident, when, with a tremendous force and unction, he exploded with this striking statement:

"Lincoln! Lincoln was the cunningest man I ever saw!"

"Why, Governor, what do you mean? That he was *shrewd*?"

"No, I mean *cunning—cunning!* He was the cunningest man I ever saw; and I will prove it to you. You see it was just before Lee's raid. When he 'came over the mountain wall,' of course all Pennsylvania was immensely excited. I rushed right down to Washington to consult with the President and the War Department as to the best measures and plans for our defense. The President said that I must call out the militia and they must take the field. 'But,' I replied, 'I have no authority to call out the militia.'

"Well," says Mr. Lincoln, 'then call the Legislature together.'

"But I cannot do that, Mr. President; neither is there time, if I could."

"Then," said he, 'call them out on your own authority, and I will stand behind you.'

"With that promise I called out the militia, and we put the State in as good a position for defense as was possible. The battle of Gettysburg followed, after which Lee withdrew his forces into Virginia. I then made another trip to Washington, to consult as to the payment of the militia. There seemed no way out of it. The President could not pay the bills, they did not legally come within the province of the War Department, and the best advice I could get was to pay them myself, personally, and trust to Congress to reimburse me. The President distinctly promised me that he would introduce the matter into his message at the opening of Congress in December, and would recommend Congress to reimburse us for all expenses accruing to the State on account of the

invasion. As this was the only thing to do, it seemed to be the best thing, and I proceeded to fulfill my part of the plan.

"I called together the bank presidents in Philadelphia and stated the case to them, told them we *must* have the money, that I would give my notes for the amount and that the President would, in his forthcoming message, recommend to Congress an appropriation to cover the amount and that, of course, without the slightest doubt Congress would respond favorably. They made the loans, and I signed the notes to the amount of *seven hundred thousand dollars!*

"Now can you imagine the interest with which I scanned Lincoln's message, and can you conceive of my state of mind when I found that he had made no allusion whatever to the matter?"

"I lost no time in hurrying to Washington; and immediately on my arrival I called at the White House. The President received me in the Cabinet room. He sat in one of those chairs with long arms, at one end of the long table, and I sat in another at the other end of the table. Mr. Lincoln received me very cordially and chatted away cheerily, as tho no cares of State were weighing upon his mind. But he made no mention whatever of the matter that he must have known I had called to inquire about.

"After a while I remarked that in his message to Congress, I saw no allusion to the reimbursement of Pennsylvania for militia expenses during Lee's invasion.

"Why, no, Governor. Seward said it would not do."

"Would not do, Mr. President; what do you mean?"

"Why, Governor, if I had recommended in my message the payment of that bill, various States would at once bring in bills of one sort and another, until, by and by, it would get so that some member of Congress would go to the tailor's, and order a suit of clothes, and tell the tailor to send the bill to me. Do you suppose that I should pay it?"

"No, Mr. President, I don't suppose you would, unless you had previously *promised to.*"

"Lincoln dropped his head, thought just a second or two, and then deliberately arose, came around the table, sat down on the arm of my chair, throwing his long legs over mine, putting his left arm around my neck, and looking directly into my face, while playing with a buttonhole in my coat with his right hand, said:

"Governor, I want you to let up on me on that promise. As President of the United States, I ask you to let up on me. Will you?"

"Of course, I suppose I shall have to, if you ask it in that way, Mr. President."

"Thank you, Governor," said Lincoln, and went and resumed his seat. He said no more upon that subject, but seemed perfectly at ease, as tho the minute I had acceded to his strange request the whole matter had slipped entirely out of his mind.

"I soon left, and once out on the street in the open air I breathed more freely, but began to realize the situation I was in. I went directly to the Capitol, and called on Thad. Stevens. I told him what had happened, and 'the Great Commoner' was terribly excited.

"He asked you to 'let up on him!' Lincoln did? And you did it? He had no business to ask you to do such a thing, and you had no business to do it. Let's go and see him." So we started for the White House. On our arrival we met the President in the Cabinet room, and Stevens walked up to Mr. Lincoln, and said: 'Mr. President, the Governor says that you asked him "to let up on you" about that militia business. Did you?'

"Yes, Mr. Stevens, I did."

"Well, you'd no business to ask him to do any such thing, and he had no business to do it." (Shaking his fist at the President.)

"Then the President smiled a bland smile, so quiet-like and innocent that it was terribly provoking. He arose and said:

"Mr. Stevens, you are Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee in the House, are you not?"

"Well, what if I am? Has that anything to do with your keeping your promises?"

"Well, well, Mr. Stevens, see here! You bring in a bill from your Committee, and I will leg it for you. You see it would not do for me to recommend this payment, on account of its influence upon other States. But a bill from your Committee will receive attention, we will all favor it, and it will pass both Houses of Congress; I will sign it, and it will not prove a precedent."

"Ah! was not he cunning? The old fox! He planned that all out from the beginning. Of course the bill went through, and we got the money and I took up my notes. But that didn't make it any the less foxy."

And then the old War Horse again lay back in his chair as tho he were asleep.

Perhaps no anecdote ever told of Mr. Lincoln illustrates more forcibly his "longheadedness" in laying plans, not even that incident when he asked the "Jedge" a question in his debate with Mr. Douglas, which may be told as follows:

One afternoon during that joint debate Mr. Lincoln was sitting with his friends, planning the program, when he was observed to go off in a kind of reverie, and for some time appeared totally oblivious to everything around him. Then slowly bringing his right hand up, holding it a moment in the air, and then letting it fall with a quick slap upon his thigh, he said:

"There, I am going to ask the 'Jedge' (he always called him 'The Jedge') a question to-night, and I don't care the ghost of a Continental which way he answers it. *If he answers it one way it will lose him the Senatorship. If he answers it the other way it will lose him the Presidency.*"

No one asked him what the question was; but that evening it was the turn for Mr. Douglas to speak first, and right in the midst of his address, all at once Mr. Lincoln roused up, as if a new thought had suddenly struck him, and said:

"Jedge, will you allow me to ask you one question?"

"Certainly," says Mr. Douglas.

"Suppose, Jedge, there was a new town or colony just started in some Western Territory; and suppose there were precisely one hundred householders—voters—there; and suppose, Jedge, that ninety-nine did not want slavery and one did. What would be done about it?"

Judge Douglas beat about the bush, but failed to give a direct answer.

"No, no, Jedge; that won't do. Tell us plainly what will be done about it."

Again Douglas tried to evade; but Lincoln would not be put off, and he insisted that a direct answer should be given. At last Douglas admitted that the majority would have their way, by some means or other.

Mr. Lincoln said no more. He had secured what he wanted. Douglas had answered the question as Illinois people would have answered it, and he got the Senatorship. But that answer was not satisfactory to the people of the South. In 1860, the Charleston Convention split into two factions, and "*it lost him the Presidency,*" and *it made Abraham Lincoln President.*

HYDE PARK, MASS.

Darwinism and Design.

BY THOMAS MEEHAN.

UNDER the head of "Darwinism and Design," Prof. F. C. S. Schiller contributes an article to the London *Contemporary Review* for June that has attracted marked attention in the Old World.

He proceeds to show that Darwinism is simply the doctrine of Natural Selection. We have first to admit that variation exists in nature, that there is a continual struggle for existence, and that with changes in the surroundings, those with variations the best suited to the changed conditions survive, and those with the variations ill suited to the new circumstances eventually disappear. This, Professor Schiller contends, is the only original contribution of Darwin to natural philosophy.

Professor Schiller admits that the ordinary arguments for design are defective. It might be a good point to argue from adaptations that there must be an adapter; but as it is admitted there is progress—change as the world advances—the adaptations must be conceded to be imperfect, which would preclude the postulate of a perfect adapter. The old argument from design has no theological value. On the other hand, Darwinism does not better the case. With indefinite variation, natural selection is left to the chapter of accidents; and this defeats Darwin's own arguments that the behavior of plants and animals has reference to the good of the race. Only definite variation, and not indefinite variation, could have any bearing on that argument.

But Professor Schiller contends that definite variation, as opposed to the indefinite, on which Darwinism is founded, is not opposed to the doctrine of evolution. Variation on a definite line implies a purpose,

